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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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The Flags on Fifth Avenue.

Above the stately roofs, wind-lifted, high,
A lane of vivid color in the sky,
They ripple cleanly, seen of every eye.

This is your flag: none other: yours alone:
Yours then to honor: and where it is flown
By your devotion let your heart be known.

Feeble the man who dare not bow the knee
Before some symbol greater far than he—
This is no pomp and no idolatry.

Emblem of youth, and hope, and strength held true
By honor, and by wise forbearance, too—
God bless the flags along the Avenue!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Hard Row of the Farmer.

It is an interesting and useful work which the Wicks investigating committee has begun at Ithaca in undertaking to find out why the farmers of New York are so hard put to it to make both ends meet. The facts of rural decline in all the Eastern states, with a partial improvement in recent years, have been generally conceded. The reasons therefor, as well as any accurate analysis of conditions, have not been available on any large scale.

The evidence thus far adduced at Ithaca shows that only one New York farmer out of twenty-eight is making as much as $2,000 a year. One-third of the farmers would do better if they could invest their capital at 5 per cent and hire out as farm laborers. Another third are breaking even, while the remaining third are making a profit beyond interest on capital and wages for their labor. This is a pretty gloomy picture, and it is scarcely to be wondered that the back-to-the-farm movement makes such slow progress in districts where such meagre returns prevail.

Such hope as there is lies chiefly in the reports as to the part played by education in increasing profits. Even the boy who goes to high school has an advantage, his ultimate returns proving to be twice as great as for the untrained competitor. The college man makes three times as much. It seems fairly clear that agricultural school; and an extension of agricultural knowledge by every available means offer the surest chance of better and more profitable farms. A condition has been reached similar to that of the extreme competition prevailing in general industry a quarter century ago, and short of coöperation on a large scale only a widely diffused knowledge of scientific farming seems likely to improve it materially.

Mr. Gleason's "Golden Lads."

In "Golden Lads," recently published by the Century Company, Mr. Arthur Gleason has collected many of the papers in which he had recorded from time to time his personal impressions on the Belgian front. Some of these appeared in The Tribune—"The Spy," "The Atrocity" and "The Steam Roller"—being the precursors of the admirable articles on the work of the American Ambulance and other organizations for caring for wounded French soldiers which Mr. Gleason is now contributing to this page.

This author's writing is based entirely on personal observation. He tells only what he himself saw or obtained at first hand at the front from participants in the fighting or sufferers from its effects. What he says carries complete conviction. There is in it the transparent veracity of the trained observer eager not to overstep the bounds of exact knowledge—not to dramatize the war or to sentimentalize about it, but to set down plainly and accurately just what has been yielded in his case by a personal contact with its heroism and its horrors.

Mr. Gleason has drawn a severe indictment of German frightfulness in Belgium and France. He pictures German ferocity not as an outgrowth of blind rage, or of temporary fury, but as a deliberate, calculated feature of military policy.

This view is so repugnant to all the normal instincts of civilized peoples that many have rejected it as an invention of enmity. But Mr. Gleason never indulges in general, unsubstantiated charges. What he witnessed in Belgium and reports in this book has been corroborated from many other sources—by the notebooks (which the author has recently reviewed in The Tribune) taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers and from German prisoners and by the confessed German fabrications of outrages on German troops committed by Belgian civilians—even by priests, women and children.

The indictment has been strengthened rather than weakened by the lapse of time and the results of slow and patient investigation. The world in general took these charges at first with a great deal of salt. Now what Mr. Gleason wrote in 1914 and 1915 is being accepted as sober, indisputable history.

Mrs. Gleason has contributed to this volume a chapter, "How War Seems to a Woman." It is straightforward, uncolored, beautifully restrained in its description of the actualities of life under fire—very similar in quality to the article on "The Psychology of Fear" which she recently wrote for this page.

Mr. Gleason's work for humanity on the war front and in the French hospitals has been a labor of love. He is an American trying to repay his individual share of America's great debt to France. The profits of his book go to the American Committee for Training in Suitable Trades the Maimed Soldiers of France. It is a volume with a laudable purpose and of an exceptional interest and value.

Democracy and Efficiency.

Winston Churchill, formerly First Lord of the British Admiralty, calls attention to the weakness and characteristic inefficiency of democracy as revealed by the war. He says that no nation, like Great Britain, the United States or France, with a parliamentary government, can plan or prepare for an aggressive war. The present show of strength by the Allies would appear to be something of a refutation of this criticism; but it is noteworthy that observations of this nature have occupied thoughtful minds in England ever since the war forced the democratic nations of the West to match their strength against German imperialism.

H. G. Wells, former socialist, deplores the blustering democratic habit of perpetually "muddling through" its crises. He mistrusts that short-sighted policy of bluffing, chancing it and complacently trusting to Providence to correct the blunders of popular leaders which characterizes democratic nations. Even Bernard Shaw, great apostle of democratic revolution, periodically hurls a thunderbolt of Voltairian raillery at what he regards the insincere, sentimental moralizing of Sir Edward Grey and others, by which these functionaries seek to cover up their official incapacity with pious protestations.

Such misgivings might be regarded as the expected thing when a nation is struggling for its existence. We had a similar confusion of tongues in our Civil War. But there are also signs that, as the American public begins to realize the seriousness of the social and political problems of our own governmental system, there is a similar mistrust. This mistrust is indicated in the growing tendency to look to the President, rather than to Congress, for anything like a courageous dealing with a question of national importance. It is seen in the spread of the commission form of city government, which concentrates power upon a few administrators. The same mistrust is shown in the general sense of the inexperience, incapacity and disposition to play politics which characterize no small portion of our popularly elected officials.

But criticisms of democracy are by no means confined to governmental affairs. There is a growing recognition of the cheapness and superficiality of much of the art, music, scholarship, literature and even religion in the democratic society of America. There is too much justice in the charge that in every phase of our activity it is the noisy, the sensational, the intellectually shoddy—the thing done, written or said with the tongue in the cheek—which most easily gains popular applause.

Many of these criticisms are as old as the idea of democracy itself, and the present disposition to admit their truth does not indicate an abandonment of democratic principles, either in Europe or America. Democracy in Europe is being defended on a hundred battlefields with more devotion than ever was enlisted in its cause before. We are, however, approaching a modification of democracy the world over. The war has made imperative a demand for a higher degree of efficiency in popular government and a new sort of leadership. There is a new democracy coming, based upon the recognition of merit and the social value of personal superiority.

The older democracy was obsessed by the eighteenth century dogma of "equality." It was so intent upon doing justice to all men on the basis of their mere humanity that it was indifferent to the finer distinctions of personal worth. The only types of merit which it recognized were conformity to popular convention and industrial efficiency; the former because, fundamental as its specific virtues are, it is the most impersonal and easily defined idea of the "good man"; the latter because business success lay closest to the popular idea of the chief end of man.

The new democracy, instead of sentimentally idealizing the mass and complimenting it upon being a mass, will seek to find in the institutions of a free society the most effective means of selecting, without the trammels of wealth or inherited class distinctions, those individuals who are best equipped by nature, genius and training to take the responsibilities of leadership.

The Son Who Raised Himself.

It might have been more convenient if the song "I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier" had been written by some good pacifist who had no son. In that case the author would have been saved any possible embarrassment which might arise from the difficulty of applying his sentiment in his own house. It appears that the author, Alfred Bryan, has a son of military age. Moreover, rumor will have it that this Alfred Junior, whether or not he was "raised to be a soldier," is prepared to join the army, if need be, in defence of his home and country. The father gives qualified assent.

So it seems that the difference between the writer of this anti-militarist jingle and the majority of patriotic Americans is chiefly a literary matter. Or it may be that young Bryan has something on his own account to say about the case. He would hardly be an average American youth if he did not. As a matter of fact, no intelligent, up-to-date parent brings up his son to be a soldier or anything else. It is the boy's task to find out and decide what he must be. What is done is to try to make a man of him, make him able and worthy to take the responsibilities of manhood when they come to him and then trust that he will have gumption enough to decide for himself what he ought to do. The son who allowed his opinions on the subject of pacifism or any open question to be made for him in advance, even by the most devoted parents, would be something of an exception in modern free America.

It is a natural temptation to parents to seek to fasten their beliefs and interests upon the succeeding generation. It is also not an unqualified evil that such well laid plans are generally knocked in the head by each generation as it claims the right to arrange its life in the way it thinks best. People no longer inherit their convictions in this country. The most hopeful thing about the new generation is its disposition to think for itself. We are all a little suspicious of the man who is either a militarist or a pacifist, a Socialist or a Republican, a Presbyterian or a Free Thinker simply because he wears the hat his father wore. The un-American thing in Mr. Bryan's song is not so much its pacifism as the uninteresting and impossible kind of progeny which it would imply.

Germany and the Foreign Market.

That Germany is getting ready to reenter the foreign markets which she has lost partly through the British embargo, but also in no small measure by her own prohibition of certain exports, needs no proof since the arrival here of the first of her submarine merchandise carriers. The Deutschland's cargo is, however, only a drop from the bucket of the nation's new organization to meet the altered conditions of trade which will prevail on the return of peace. Whatever may be the outcome of the Allied economic war to be waged against Germany then, certain it is that she will have to meet competition in fields where once she had a practical monopoly. It is not in America alone that dye and drug industries have been established to supply what Germany could no longer furnish. In France and England, at least, if not in Russia, manufacturers and chemists are busy experimenting and succeeding in varying measures.

The German countermove, carried out in secrecy, is a consolidation or trust of all the dye and chemical establishments within the empire. This "community of interests" is capitalized at 350,000,000 marks, its initial purpose being the elimination of all competition in the home market. This will give the organization a free hand in the fixing of prices for export according to the new conditions to be met and overcome abroad. In addition to this, it is stated that new processes perfected since the beginning of the war have considerably reduced the cost of dye and drug production in Germany. According to the "Frankfurter Zeitung," the trust was formed in last May for a period of fifty years.

There are other indications of German preparation for a revival of international trade. The embargoes on woollen and cotton goods, for instance, have been modified to the extent that infants and women's underwear, stockings, gloves, etc., may again be exported. The absolute embargo placed on all such goods in May, 1915, dealt the manufacturers of Saxony a hard blow. No doubt it is their accumulated stocks which are now being thrown upon the neighboring neutral markets in order to hold them for the future. The German military establishment long ago seized all woollen goods for men, so that these cannot as yet be sold abroad, however great the demand for them, however tempting the offers made.

Germany, too, is unmistakably preparing for an economic war to come. It will not be waged with the Allies alone, but with neutrals as well.

Flavoring Herbs.

(From The Indianapolis News.)

Those who are fortunate enough to journey in the right direction and to the right places will occasionally come across a country cook in Indiana who has not forgotten how to make use of flavoring herbs. Rarer, however, are these old-time aids to culinary art, appetite and digestion, and rarer still is the mistress of the kitchen who employs them. Time was, of course, when no kitchen garden was considered complete without its bed of herbs. There, ready to the cook's hand, grew mint, sage, summer savory, marjoram, dill, balm and fennel. There were others, but they were valued chiefly for their medicinal properties.

In the East, especially in the New England States, an effort is being made to revive the old-time herb garden. The United States Department of Agriculture approves the movement. But, as it suggests, there is no reason why it should be confined to the East. Fifty years ago dried herbs from the herb garden formed an essential part of the pantry stores of every well-conducted Hoosier farmhouse. Flavoring extracts and spices, now so common, were in those days luxuries that few could afford.

Gradually the prices on these various condiments were reduced, and as their use spread the herb gardens were neglected. As they passed there passed also the old-time skill in their use. If more people were aware of what substantial value they can add to a meal they would return to favor with little delay. Many a dish, as the wise housewife who still uses them can testify, is made palatable through the admixture of herbs that otherwise would seem to the consumer flat and insipid.

Economists say that the herb will contribute liberally to the reduction of the cost of living if it is used as it was in the past. Soups of almost unlimited variety can be made through its employment. Cheap cuts of meat that otherwise would be almost tasteless can be converted into palatable dishes when treated to a sauce made of mint, sage or parsley. Stews of every sort are improved by the same means. In short, so the experts of the Department of Agriculture say, we are neglecting a cheap and inexpensive method of adding materially to the savor of our food when we ignore the old-time garden herbs. Incidentally, perhaps, Keats was something of a domestic economist as well as a poet when he wrote:

> Fill your baskets high
> With fennel, green, and balm and golden pines,
> Savory, latter mint and columbines,
> Cool parsley, basil sweet and sunny thyme.

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE

Absorbing and Perilous Experiences on the French Front of the American Boys Who Are Carrying the Wounded from the Firing Line to the Field Hospitals—Many Extracts from the Notes and Diaries of the Workers—Saving Lives in the Mountains of Alsace—How Richard Neville Hall, of Dartmouth College, Was Killed on Christmas Eve.

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON.

FIRST ARTICLE.

This is the story of the American Ambulance Field Service in the words of the boys themselves who drove the cars. Fresh to their experience, they jotted down the things that happened to them in this strange, new life of war. These notes, sometimes in pencil, sometimes written with the pocket fountain pen, they sent to their chief, A. Piatt Andrew, and he has placed these day by day records of a hundred and fifty men at my disposal. Anybody would be stupid who tried to rewrite their reports. I am simply passing along what they say.

One section of the field service, with twenty cars, was thrown out into Alsace, for the campaign on the crest of Hartmannsweilerkopf. Here is some of the fiercest fighting of the war. Hartmannsweilerkopf is the last mountain before the plain of the Rhine, and commands that valley. The hill crest was taken and retaken. Here, too, is the one sector of the Western front where the French are fighting in the enemy's country. Alsace has been German territory for forty-three years. But Preston Lockwood saw General Joffre in an Alsatian village, and next day saw the sign swung out:

"Le Général Joffre,
Généralissime des Armées de la République a déjeuné dans cette maison.
Le 15ème Bataillon de chasseurs Alpins occupant cette région.
Délivrée par lui le 7 Août, 1914."

"Nowhere else," says Lockwood, "are our soldiers upon German soil. And surely nowhere else are Detroit manufactured automobiles competing with Missouri raised mules in the business of carrying wounded men over dizzy roads."

Mountain Work.

The district known as Haute Alsace is a range of mountains, running roughly north and south. To the east lies German Alsace, to the west the level country of French Alsace. On the crest of the mountains the armies of France and Germany faced each other. The business of the ambulances has been to bring wounded from those heights to the railway stations in the plain.

John Melcher, jr., says of this work:

"The mountain service consists in climbing to the top of a mountain, some 4,000 feet high, where the wounded are brought to us. Two cars are always kept in a little village down the mountain on the other side. This little village is a few kilometres behind the trenches, and is sometimes bombarded by the Germans. The roads up the mountain are very steep, particularly on the Alsatian side. They are rough and so narrow that in places vehicles cannot pass. These roads are full of ruts, and at some points are corduroy, the wood practically forming steps. On one side there is always a sheer precipice."

"If you go off the road," writes one of our young drivers, "it is probably to stay, and all the while a grade that in some parts has to be rushed in low speed to be surmounted. Add to this the fact that in the rainy (or usual) weather of the Vosges, the upper half is in the clouds, and seeing becomes nearly impossible, especially at night. Before our advent the wounded were transported in wagons or on mule back, two stretchers, one on each side of the mule. Two of us tried this method of travel and were nearly sick in a few minutes. Imagine the wounded—five hours for the trip. That so many survived speaks well for the hardihood of the 'blue devils.' Now, with our cars, the trip takes one and a half or two hours. We get as close to the trenches as any cars go. Our wounded are brought to us on trucks like wheelbarrows, or, at night, on mules, about one half hour after the wound is received. This is hard service for both cars and drivers, and it is done in turn for five days at a time, then we return to St. Maurice to care for the cars and rest; the ordinary valley service is regarded by us as rest after the spell on the hills.

Soldiers' Appreciation.

"Car 170 (the E. J. de Coppet car) has been doing well on this strenuous work. The two back fenders have been removed, one by a rock in passing an ammunition wagon, and the other by one of the famous 75s, going down the hill.

"The men appreciate it. Often, back in France, we are trailed as the 'voitures' they have once seen, or as the car which brought a comrade back. They express curiosity as to our exact military status. The usual thing when we explain that we are volunteers is for them to say 'chic.' When they learn that the cars are given by men in the United States, whose sympathy is with them, they nod approval."

Another man writes of the condition of the service:

"At the headquarters of the automobile service for this section we reported to a captain, and were informed by him of the terms on which he had decided to accept our services. We were to draw our food, wine, tobacco, automobile supplies, such as tires, oil, gasolene, from the 7th Army, as well as our lodging, and one sou a day as pay. In short, we were to be treated exactly as the French ambulance sections, and to be subject to the same discipline."

Rations consist of a portion of meat, hard bread, baked some weeks previously, rice, beans, macaroni or potatoes, a lump of grease for cooking, coffee, sugar and a little wine. For soldiers on duty there are field kitchens, fires and boilers running on wheels. But billeted men have their food cooked by some village woman, or a group build wood fires against a wall. Our men made arrangements to mess at a restaurant.

"The cars were sent up the mountain and carried the wounded of the fighting in the Fecht Valley down the mountain to Kruth.

"The work was so continuous that some of the men drove for as long as fifty hours without sleep, and no one had time for more than an occasional nap of an hour and a half."

The Croix de Guerre.

Durant Rice, of Car 125, tells of the experience of his comrades:

"The Germans bombarded a road that runs along the top of a ridge several hundred yards from the post at ——. One of the first shells landed on a farmhouse just below the road, in which some territorials were quartered, killing three of them, wounding five others. Two of our men, accompanied by the 'medecin major' of the post, immediately drove their cars over to the farm and rescued the wounded while the bombardment was still going on. All three men were cited in the order of the division, and will receive the 'Croix de Guerre.'

"Two of our posts, the former a hospital in the Thann Valley and the latter a first aid post in the Fecht Valley, within three kilometres of the line, were subjected to a bombardment during this last month."

"The Wellesley College car transported wounded upon the Alsatian front from postes de secours on the mountain tops, where the artillery lines are stationed, and from similar dressing stations in the valleys. The work during the last month has been a strain upon every part of our cars. But it saves the wounded hours of painful travel and is appreciated in the most touching manner by the men. All the horrors of modern war are known here—high explosives, burning oil, asphyxiating gases—and, in addition, it is no gentle country to campaign in. There are long marches and hard climbs, where the wind blows cold, and it rains, and soon will snow for days at a time. But it is a privilege to know the good cheer of the men who are enduring these things. The ravitaillement may be delayed, their allotted period in the water soaked trenches may be doubled, and yet it is always 'ça ne fait rien.'" So writes Preston Lockwood.

That is one of the best services rendered by the ambulance—to enable these boys to know the French race. It is good for us to know the premier race of the world.

After the battle of Hartmannsweilerkopf the section was decorated as a whole, and twelve men individually were decorated. Lovering Hill, of Harvard, has been in charge of this section. He has received two citations, two Croix de Guerre, which he doesn't wear, because he knows that the Western front is full of good men who have not been decorated. The boys formed "The Harvard Club of Alsace Raconquis," and had Harvard alumni dinners when the fighting eased up.

Suffering That Is Saved.

"I think that we have saved the wounded many hours of suffering," writes Henry M. Suckley, of Harvard, '10. In that quiet statement lies the spirit of the work done by the American Field Service.

From the head of the Valley of the Fecht, over ten miles of mountain, five up and five down, to Kruth, on the other side—that has been the run.

W. K. H. Emerson, jr., says:

"Once I went over a bank in an attempt to pass a convoy wagon at night without a headlight, such light being forbidden over part of the Mitlach road. I was lucky enough to lean up against a tree before slipping very far over the bank, and within ten minutes ten soldiers had lifted the machine and put it back on the road, ready to start. Nothing was wrong but the loss of one sidelight, and the car went better than before. There was great merriment among the men who helped to put it on the road."

At every point you touch that morale of the fighting men. There will be no premature peace.

After four months the section had its barracks, at the 4,000-foot level, blown down by a gale. So they use a new road. Suckley writes of finding two huge trees across the path.

"I had three wounded men in the car whom I was hurrying to the hospital. I walked down two miles to get some men at a camp of engineers, the road being too narrow to permit turning. There is a new service to the famous Hartmannsweilerkopf, or, rather, within half a mile of this most southerly mount contested by the Germans. For three miles it is cut out of the solid rock, just wide enough for one of our cars to pass. You can imagine the joys of this drive on a dark night, when you have to extinguish all lights and when the speed of the car cannot be reduced for fear of not making the grades. The first aid post is only 200 or 300 yards from the famous crest which has been the scene of many fierce combats. The bursting of shells has taken every bit of foliage from the wooded crest, carried pines to the ground, so that only a few splintered stumps stick up here and there. At the post no one dares show himself in the open. All life is subterranean, in bombproofs covered by five feet of timber. The road is concealed everywhere by screens, and the sound of a motor may bring a hail of shells down on your head. The stretcher bearers are so used to meeting death in its worst forms—by burning oil, by shell fragments, by suffocating shells—that they have grown to look at it smilingly."

A Terrible Road.

It is a St. Paul's School car that operates there.

"Another time the run was up to an artillery post in the mountains. The road was extremely steep near the top, and covered with gravel. It was only by hard effort that a dozen men could push the car up. We ran to the communicating trench, where they had the man waiting. He was wounded on the abdomen and in great pain. We started down over the terrible road; at every pebble he would groan. When he reached the worst place of all, where the road had recently been mended with unbroken stones, his groans began to grow fainter. They ceased, and, stopping, we found that he was dead. But there had been a chance of saving his life. A larger car could not have gone up. A wagon or a mule would have caused his death almost immediately.

"On one of our hills in winter a team of six Red Cross men was kept on duty waiting for our ambulance to come along. The cars would go as far as possible up the incline, and before they lost speed would be practically carried to the crest on the shoulders of the pushers—mules, with their drivers hanging on the beasts' tails to make the ascent easier. Strapped on these animals were barbed wire and hand grenades, red wine and sections of the army portable houses."

Such is winter in Alsace.

"Luke Doyle had driven his car to the entrance of the Hartmanns trenches, and our last post, when a heavy bombardment forced every one to make for the bombproof. Several men were wounded, and he came out to crank his car and carry them off, when he was ordered back to safety. A few moments later a shell landed close to the 'abri.' It struck a man and killed him. A flying piece reached Doyle and entered his elbow. Another of our section, Douglas, arrived, and was knocked flat by a bursting shell. He rose, put Doyle in his car and drove him up the road to safety."

Under an Archway of Shells.

A few days later a new driver of the same car writes:

"For two kilometres I passed under what looked like an archway of shells. Branches fell on the car. At one time, half stunned and half scared, I fell forward on the wheel, stalled my engine and had to get out and crank up.

"You know that Richard Hall was killed Christmas morning."

Another time, J. Clark writes:

"Car 161 still lives up to her reputation. Yesterday, in a blizzard, she was blown off the road between two trees, over three piles of rock, through a fence and into a ditch. Three men and a horse removed her from the pasture, and she went on as ever."

Car 163 had thirteen cases of tire trouble in two weeks. The whole success of the adventure depends on the condition of the cars. So, through all the narrative of shell fire and suffering men recurs the theme of roads and tires, axle trouble and hill grades. The adventure of the car itself is as real as that of the man. The car becomes a personality to the man at the wheel, just as the locomotive is to the engineer. It isn't any old car. It is the little Ford, No. 121, given by Mrs. Richard Trowbridge, of Roxbury, Mass. In that particular car you have carried 500 wounded men, you have gone into the ditch, stuck in the mud and scurried under shell fire, shrapnel has torn the cover, and there is the mark of a rifle bullet on the wheel spoke. You have slept at the wheel and in the chassis, after hours of work. You have eaten luncheons for two months on the front seat. The reader must not get very far away from the ambulance car in making his mental picture of the total experience of the boys in North France, and he must not object if all through this article he gets the smell of grease and petrol, and if the explosions are tires as often as shells. Because that is the way it is at the front. These boys never take their eyes from the road and the car.

"We expected to be kept rolling all night." To "keep rolling" is their phrase for driving the car.

"The next sixty hours were not divided into days for us. We ran steadily, not stopping for meals or sleep except during the brief pauses in the stream of wounded. Except for one memorable and enormous breakfast at the end of the first twenty-four hours, I ate while driving, steering with one hand, holding bread and cheese in the other. The first night I slept an hour and a half; the second night there was no lull, and I drove until I went to sleep several times at the wheel. Then I took three hours' rest and went on. Gasolene, oil and carbide ran low; we used all our spare tires. One of our men ran into a ditch with three seriously wounded soldiers and upset. Another man broke his rear axle. During the two and one-half days of the attack over 250 wounded were moved by our fifteen cars a distance of forty kilometres.

"A temperature of 5 below zero, Fahrenheit, does not facilitate starting an ambulance that has been standing out all night. Almost every morning it takes about fifteen minutes to start each car with the aid of hot water."

Ambulance work depends on the supply of gasolene, oil, carbide and spare parts, solid rations and sleep. Success rests in patching tires, scraping carbon and changing springs. Hall, of Dartmouth, who later met his death here, wrote:

"The driver of the car eight months ago was in charge of a cattle ranch in the Argentine. He is on his back tightening bolts underneath his car. A hole in the left sole of his projecting shoes tells of hours with the low speed jammed on."

Hard, Unpicturesque Work.

Any idea of ambulance work is off the mark that thinks it a succession of San Juan charges. It is hard, unpicturesque work, with an occasional fifteen minutes of tension.

"Car No. 170 has carried meat and bread for the section, and even coal. She has run through miles of snowstorm to bring relief to those who were suffering from toothache, scarletina or mumps. She has patiently borne permissionaries from hospital to railroad. But the shriek of shot and shell has become entirely unfamiliar to her ears." This from the son of Dr. Rainsford, the former rector of St. George's, New York.

A stretcher makes a serviceable bed, and warmly wrapped in blankets one can sleep very comfortably in an ambulance.

"A climb of 800 metres in less than ten kilometres involves mechanical stress.

"The unique spring suspension and light body construction make our cars the most comfortable for the wounded of all the types in service."

A mechanical detail—but it is in these bits of ingenious mechanical adaptation to human needs that the American contribution has been made. It isn't half enough in a machine-made war to be dashing and picturesque; you must fight destructive machinery with still cleverer engines of relief. The inventive brain must operate as well as the kind heart and the spirit of fearlessness. It is in the combination of courage and mechanical versatility that the best of the American quality has been revealed.

Flashes of the soldier life are given by the boys. Canned beef is called by the poilu "singe," or monkey meat. Alpine chasseurs go by "whistling their famous Sidi-Brahim march."

"Gray horses are dyed brown, and groups of roadbuilders in an exposed place carry, like the army that went against Macbeth, umbrellas of branches."

Military punctuality is obtained from the American section by the penalty of washing the dirtiest car in the square.

C'est la Guerre.

"All that is impossible is explained by a simple 'c'est la guerre.' Why else blindly scrape one's way past a creaking truck of shells, testing twenty horses, two abreast, steaming in their own cloud of sweaty vapor? Why else descend slopes with every brake afire, with three human bodies as cargo, where a broken drive shaft leaves but one instantaneous twist of the wheel for salvation, a thrust straight into the bank, smashing the car but saving its load? 'C'est la guerre.'"

"There was no going back against the tide of what was battle bound."

Close to the front line, and within easy range of the shells, one driver notes that "the old man still digs in his garden, the girl still gossips at the door." These lads who a year ago were grinding out thin, temperamental daily themes have suddenly found something to write about, a something of close-packed reality.

"We stepped into the long wooden cabin where they waited—the German wounded—and they struggled up to a salute—a more pitiful, undersized, weak-chested and woebegone set of human derelicts I hope never to see again in uniform; and as we stood, among them in our strong, warm clothes (it was snowing outside), all of us over six feet tall, I felt suddenly uncomfortable and ashamed."

"Chasseurs Alpins: a short dark blue jacket, gray trousers, with spiral puttees, and the jaunty soft hat 'bérets.' These are the famous 'blue devils.'"

"I found the café full of customers who had not been served. The woman of the house was upstairs giving her 'Ambulancier Americain' a cup of that great Vosges remedy, linden tea."

"I, who came for four months and have been working eight, can assure any one who is considering joining the American Ambulance that he will go home with a feeling of great satisfaction at having been able to help out a little nation that appreciates it, and that is bearing the brunt of the fighting on the Western front."

Our volunteers believe in the French and wish to lessen their suffering. That is their motive in enlisting.

"The driver's conscience hurt him as he pulled some tacks out of his tires and waited for the sergeant's signal to start. It was his first days' work as an ambulancier. He could still see every rock and every rut in the last mile of the road, and he wondered if he had been as careful with the wounded man as possible. An 'infirmier' tapped him on the shoulder, and, telling him that a blesse wished to speak to him, led him to one of the tents. It was the man about whom he had been unhappy. He was a lieutenant.

"'You are very kind,' the officer said in English, 'you drive carefully. I know, for I have a car. I don't like to cry, but I have two broken legs. Anything hurts me.'"

"Among the wounded that our cars carried was the general of the division—General Serret"—brought down from the height he had held to be amputated and to die.

The Death of Ambulancier Hall.

"All this time as in all the past months, Richard Neville Hall calmly drove his car up the crowded artery of the mountain at war, past crazed mules, past long convoys of prisoners, past bombproofs, to arrive at the Poste de Secours, where his car was loaded with quiet figures, mere bundles in blankets. Hall saw to it that these silent blankets were installed right side up, for it is dark and the brancardiers are weary—deadened by the dead they carry—then rolled back into the valley below. Once there, his wounded unloaded, Dick Hall filled his gasolene tank and rolled on his way again. Two of his comrades had been wounded the day before. At midnight Christmas Eve he left the valley for the last time. A shell struck his car and killed him instantly. Matter, the next American to pass, found him by the roadside. His hands were still in position to grasp the wheel."

He was buried with military honors, and on his coffin was painted the Croix de Guerre.

To-day Car 214 bears on its side: "In Memory of Richard N. Hall."

"We left Alsace one morning in February when the valleys were filled with tinted mist. The old man who used to open the railway gate for me would shake his head and say we ought to be up at Verdun, and once a soldier beside him told him that we were neutrals and not supposed to be sent under fire. I heard that suggestion several times made, and one of our men used to carry in his pocket a photograph of poor Hall's car to refute it."

Another section of twenty-four cars started in at the time of the spring freshets, when life was chilly and wet.

A Heating System.

"Our director," writes a member of this section, "designed a system which uses the exhaust of the motor through two metal boxes, which arrangement warms the air inside the car and forces the circulation of fresh air. In all weathers the ambulances can be kept at from 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Our car suspension was high. During the high water covering the road certain posts would ask for an American Ambulance boat, and the story was that we had water lines painted on the cars as gauges for depths through which we could pass. I was once in the middle of a swirling rapid with the nearest 'land' one hundred yards away. But I had to get through because I knew I had a pneumonia patient with a high fever. I opened the throttle and charged. When I got to the other side I was only hitting on two cylinders."

Eleven men in this group received individually the Croix de Guerre. This section served two divisions of the Second French Army and had a battle front of from seven to ten miles—the St. Mihiel sector, a region subject to artillery fire. It has been commanded by Oliver Hazard Perry, a descendant of Commodore Perry. Sailors have made great fighters in this war, as the Fusiliers Marins have shown, and the young American director has the look of a naval commander.

"We had a wounded man who was dying," writes one of our drivers. "The man was a native of Dieulouard and wished to die there."

They had 1,800 wounded a week and a mileage of 5,000 kilometres.

"Sudbury broke his arm cranking this morning."

President Poincaré.

On November 14 at Pont-à-Mousson: "We received a 'phone message in the morning asking us to go to the Mairie's. Lowell, Shroder, Pottle and Roder went over. President Poincaré greeted them. He said:

"'One finds you everywhere. You are very devoted.'

"He shook hands with each.

"Later in the day a sentry asked Pottle:

"'Did he shake hands with you?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'He isn't a bit proud, is he?'

"The service was brisk. Shroder with two wounded was rounding a corner when a shell hit so close as to jump his car up. One car came in from service in July with twenty-three shrapnel holes. On July 8 within twenty-four hours the boys of this section carried 997 wounded.

"During the bombardment the trenches were so smashed by continuous fire as to cease to be trenches. The men lay in holes in the ground. They would come down when relieved, dazed and sometimes weeping, yet they held their ground."

Long waits and frantic activity. Dulness and horror alternating. Nine members of the Ambulance were in the house against which a shell exploded. A soldier was killed and one mortally wounded. The Americans were thrown in a heap on the floor.

"Now the section occupies a large house just outside the town. There is a large hole in the garden where a shell alighted soon after this became our new quarters, but the good fortune of the Ambulance is with it still.

"To Clos Bois. Sharp shrapnel fire. Small branches and leaves showered down in the wood. It was necessary for two of our men, whose ambulances stood in the open, to expose themselves in putting stretchers in the cars. Great courage was displayed by McConnell, who was active in this work, even when not required to be so, and who was hit in the back by a fragment of shell, sustaining, however, no further injury than a bad bruise. Mention should be made of Martin, who drove away with his car full of wounded while the firing was still going on, a bullet mark in his steering gear and a spare tire on the roof punctured."

Month of May:

Wounded, sitting	3,831
Wounded, stretchers	2,338
Total	6,169
Kilometres with wounded	4,876
Kilometres empty	15,213
Total	20,089

Shark Invasion Due to the War.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Among the many current questions of vital interest which are causing much speculation throughout our country is, What is it that brings sharks of so bold a nature to our shores for the first time within memory?

Just previous to the war sea traffic had never gained such rapid growth. Each vessel, as was customary, threw overboard all that refuse which had been left from the tables. The sharks satisfied their hunger upon the edibles which the steamers discarded.

For the past two years, however, there has been practically no transatlantic traffic. The sharks' supply of maintenance suddenly ceased. Gradually through the insufficient amount of food and through sheer desperation they have shown their unbelievable audacity in fighting for one last hope of life by coming to our shores.

Do you not think that this is a possible theory?

TRUDA T. WEIL.

New York, July 13, 1916.

Not Altogether Dry.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The monthly report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue showing the consumption of liquors in May, 1916, as compared with May, 1915, has just been issued. From this it appears that the consumption of spirits in May of this year was more than 1,800,000 gallons greater than in May of last year, while the consumption of beer in May, 1916, ran 67,000 barrels above the consumption of May, 1915.

And the professional prohibitionists still maintain that prohibition prohibits, and that 51,000,000 of people are living in "dry" territory.

T. B. HARDIN.

Newark, N. J., July 14, 1916.